

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review ;

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### Review of New Books.

*Memoirs of a Young Greek Lady ; or, Madame Pauline Adelaide Alexandre Panam versus His Most Serene Highness the Reigning Prince of Saxe-Cobourg.* 8vo. pp. 305. London, 1823.

THE wrongs of Madam Panam, were first made known to the British public in *The Literary Chronicle*, upwards of two months ago. Before that time, her name had not been mentioned on this side of the Straits of Dover, but we felt convinced that we had given a whet to curiosity, which some labourer in the vineyard of literature would soon feel anxious to gratify more largely, by a translation of the work of which we then gave a brief but faithful outline. We confess we felt somewhat surprised that the newspapers, in the general dearth of intelligence that prevails, did not then take up the subject of Madame Panam, particularly as the scandal her *Memoirs* contain, would rather be a recommendation than otherwise to a daily newspaper; they did not, perhaps, like the trouble of wading through two volumes in French, but now that they are translated, they will one and all pounce on the work, and fill whole columns at a time with its details; nay, we should not be surprised at one journal giving a supplement, in order to insert the whole of the work; or perhaps take it at twice, as was the case with the 'King of France's Journey to Coblenz,' when the editor having printed the whole body of the work in two successive days, found that he had omitted the dedication, which he inserted on the third day.

Our notice of the 'Memoirs of a Young Greek Lady,' under the head of Foreign Literature, in *The Literary Chronicle*, of June 21, (No. 214) has made our readers pretty well acquainted with the nature of the work; and if there is any thing that can lower a German prince in the estimation of an Englishman, it must be that a reigning duke should seduce a young girl of fourteen, and then leave her and the recognized offspring of the illicit connexion to starve. Moderate as her

demands were, an annuity of £120 a-year, they were rejected, and a few paltry shillings were doled out to her more parsimoniously, than an English drayman or scavenger would do on a Saturday night to his mistress.

That there are German princes, (princes!) whose revenue £120 would effect very seriously, is certain: the Prince of Isemberg, for instance, whose contingent to the Germanic Confederation consisted of eight men! and when four of them mutinied, the whole empire became alarmed at the approaching revolution! An old friend of ours happened to dine at the ordinary at the Red House at Francfort, at the time, with this prince, and he assures us that the picture of dismay his serene highness exhibited was most ludicrous. Whether Bonaparte in parcelling out the German states, gave this Prince of Isemberg an accession of territory or not, we do not recollect, but at all events he made him recruit his army, and furnish 115 men to the Confederation. When the states of Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Saxe, Hesse, &c., &c., had deserted Buonaparte, after the battle of Lutzen, the *Moniteur* pompously announced that the Prince of Isemberg remained faithful to his alliance!

But to return to Madame Panam, whom the editor of her 'Memoirs,' in his preface, does not inaptly compare to Jane Shore: both had beauty to fascinate princes; both were spurned by promised protectors, turned out of doors, and left destitute of bread. 'In one point alone,' continues the editor, 'Madame Panam is less unfortunate, she survives to repent of her errors, and to admonish all her sex to shun the silken bowers, which attracted only to deceive her.'

The *Memoirs* are ushered in by a well written letter from the Marechal P. de Ligne who had been consulted by Madame as to the propriety of publishing her *Memoirs*. In this letter we have a vivid picture of the degeneracy of courts, and the vices of princes. After taking an historical retrospect of the conduct of courts, both in ancient and

modern times, the marechal thus inveighs against courts:—

'On a bed of straw, in a prison, flung amidst the ruins of human reason, Tasso expiated the folly of having introduced his genius into a court. Ariosto, that magician of poetry, whose enchanting inventions will endure for ever, was treated like a buffoon by a magnificent prince, who was but too fortunate in being mentioned in his verses.

'The reader of history is wearied with such scenes. The simplicity of new-born protestantism affords a slight consolation. This return to the religion of the humble and the poor and the unfortunate, sheds a sweet light over those melancholy pages. Switzerland, which has no palaces, has for a long time preserved her creed, her amusements, her repose, and her citizens. The imperceptible republic of Geneva, which has no prince, and which many princes threaten, opposes to them the bulwark of its opinion, its industry, and its manners: in the midst of her grave habits, she nourishes her intellect with the recollections of ancient grandeur. Rousseau will be born within her walls; Madame de Staël will belong to her; and that universal genius, Voltaire, will go to watch over her.

'It is true that Geneva, without a court, consists of poot watch-makers and citizens. How people must have laughed at it when the brilliant Hamilton, or the grotesque Roquelaure, thought proper to make the republic a subject of merriment. The magnificent lords trudging on foot to council, with a farthing rush-light before them! How ludicrous! And it was at Versailles these jests were passed,—Versailles, the building of which cost the kingdom ten years' revenue! There flourished the haughty Montespan, the mild and unfortunate La Vallière; and, without mentioning the crowd of other mistresses, chosen from every rank by the capricious taste of monarchs, their reigned that prudish coquette, that devout courtesan, Madame de Maintenon, condemned to the punishment of amusing a prince who could no longer be amused with any thing, and who was tired of vice as he was of glory.

'Where has the most common and the most ingenious use of poison been made? Where has the art of lying been pushed to the highest degree? Where have individuals decked themselves out with vice, as if it were an ornament, and with contempt for men, as if it gave them a superiority? Where has baseness become a necessity? Where do individuals tax themselves, in or-

der to invent excuses for the follies of the prince, and rival each other to approach nearest to his vices? Where was Dubois formed? Where did the Jefferies and the Laubardemonts find courage to be atrocious? Where did the Saumaises and the Machiavels imbibe the virulency which stains their pages? Who were those that fell on their knees before a Pompadour, and placed under the axe the innocent but too haughty head of the unfortunate Lally? Where are to be found, in all ages, the men who made their degradation a title to superiority, and combined more cruelty with more elegance, more pride with more self-denial of all dignity, in a word, more vice with more baseness? In courts.

'The traces of a court in a nation are irremovable: that of Charles II. in England, has left, for its vestiges, debauchery imprinted on all the literary productions of his time, and a school of comedy, which seems to have been intended for representation before Messalina, by the actors of Caprea. That of the regent of France may be considered as the parent of that filthy and tiresome class of books, which, at present, forms part of the education of youth in France. It has also imparted to our manners that pliability without energy, that art of talking, that apathy of action, and that restlessness, which give to a people neither the courage to exist, nor that of existing inconveniently without complaining, nor patience to suffer, nor determination to suffer no longer.

'In Asia, in Europe, in Spain, in Italy, you will find traces of the character of the ancient courts. Sometimes brilliant, they resemble those silvery traces which reptiles leave on quitting ruins. They impress themselves like marks, and spread themselves like stains.

'Amidst the snows of the north, we have seen the virile passions of a female sovereign reproducing in a philosophical age the seraglios of Semiramis, and the fantastic love of a woman naming generals and magistrates.'

In these Memoirs, which are prettily written, though perhaps somewhat too sentimental, we learn that the father of Madame Panam was a Greek, who quitted Smyrna in the massacre of 1780, and settled at Marseilles, where he established a manufactory for dyeing cotton. The French revolution brought misfortunes on his family, who removed to Paris. At the age of fourteen, when in that capital, with her sister only, she attracted the notice of the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, who offered his support, his credit, and his fortune to her family. He often visited the family, promised to take a shop at Cobourg for our youthful innocent's sister, and to place her as a companion to his sister the Grand Duchess Constantine. She, however, loved him, and confessed it: 'I loved him,' says she, 'sincerely, innocently,

tenderly. With me the sentiment was purer than passion, warmer than friendship, softer than gratitude.'—The prince seduced her in Paris, and took her to Cobourg, under promise of the situation with his sister. Here she remained some time, at a farm-house, dressed like a boy, but was afterwards allowed to wear the costume of her sex. She was introduced to the two sisters of the duke, who treated her with kindness. She, however, describes the duke's mother as at one time artfully cajoling, and at others threatening her. Poor Pauline was, in a few short months, abandoned by the duke, and left stretched on a solitary truss of straw, without a *sou*, and then to prepare, as she might, another truss for her child. She wrote to the duke, and was obliged to wring money from him by a florin at a time: and yet, as she observes,—

'They could not excuse themselves by feigning ignorance or forgetfulness of the state in which we were left. Had they forgotten us, a letter which I wrote to the duke, and another from my sister, ought to have awakened remorse in their souls, if they were accessible to the least touch of pity. In the mean time the winter was coming to its close; the ninth month was upon the wane; we had neither linen, nor fire, nor candle; and my son saw the light in the midst of cries of distress, the sufferings of my mother, and the convulsions of anguish, despair, and famine, in us all, on the 4th March, 1809.'

Informed of her accouchement, the duke, in order to put her 'out of all embarrassment,' sent her a thousand francs, promised her an annuity, sometimes visited her, and even affected to be jealous, as if jealousy could exist in a heart that never loved. Wearied with the brutal upbraidings, the cold neglect, and the parsimonious remonstrances of a prince who lectured her on giving a penny to a beggar, Madame Panam repaired again to Coburg, and saw the duke's mother, who wished her to give up her child. She says:—

'I returned dreadfully ill. The next day the councillor Tittel brought me an invitation from the duchess, which I did not accept. I was harassed to death. Several people of the court announced to me successively the duke's wish, that I should quit the town immediately. I answered firmly, that I was only waiting the determination of his highness with respect to the object for which I came. I summoned up all my courage, and declared that I would never depart until something was done for my son.

'The duke shut his door against me. Some servants, whom he sent to our house, threw out all our furniture. General orders were given against supplying the French woman and her son with provisions. In

fact, a system of atrocious persecution commenced, sufficient to have extinguished life twenty times in me and my infant. The castle of the prince was full in our view: and it was not on account of his apathy, but by his orders, not at a distance from him, but under his very eyes, that we were obliged to suffer all the agonies of extreme distress.

'Here my pen refuses to record my sufferings. My child was dying; we had no bread; when I craved some, the people in the pay of the barbarian, loaded me with abuse: milk, water, the smallest morsel of brown bread, were refused us; all that we had was thrown out at the windows. Even my child, my only treasure whom I kept pressed to my heart, they came to tear from me, and the cruel wretches would have taken him, if an involuntary fury had not seized me. I forced him from them with an effort of strength of which I did not think myself capable.' "Monsters!" said I, "you may kill your master's son; but you must kill his mother first!" The wretches reeled back astonished. "It is the son of the duke!" said they amongst themselves; and they left the house, crying out, *Die herzog ist Chelimen!* "Hah! the duke is a sinner!"

'For a whole month, this spectacle of a woman dying with her child and her mother, remained under the eyes of the prince, and under the windows of his palace. It was not until after thirty days of torture, that a Major Syymborsky, a man accessible to the sentiments of humanity, but devoted to his master, and forced to conceal the interest with which our situation inspired him, came to get me to sign a sort of compromise, by which the prince purchased my departure from Coburg, at the price of a pension of three thousand francs. At such a time and in such a country, I consented, and signed the deed, insufficient as the sum was: and I took my departure. A prolonged insult accompanied our route; the subalterns, the worst and the most cruel of all tyrants, had been charged to avenge the prince; they acquitted themselves marvellously well. I was refused food; I was ill-treated; they would have almost killed my child in my arms, if they had not feared the anger of a mother, and if I did not fly to defend him several times, at the risk of my own life.

'For some time I found, at Dresden, that repose of which I stood so much in need. Alas! that repose was soon disturbed: the prince came. Had he not given me up? had he not abandoned me?

'With that cold and offensive levity, which betrayed a total forgetfulness of all his insults, he dared to come near his victim. As to my child, (can it be believed?) by a strange refinement of cruelty, he treated him only with disdain, irony, and a contempt which broke out in his gestures, and his discourse. I saw this heartless father take his child upon his knees only to push him from them after; I heard a prince pronounce against his young child those low invectives which even the meanest classes of society never use, except in drunkenness. 'It is easy to imagine, how much my

heart suffered for this child: for him, alone, I repressed the impulse of my indignation; I searched for mild expressions to soften his father; I endeavoured even to restrain my tears; I pretended to have lost all recollection of the misfortunes which he had inflicted upon us; and yet what exquisite sensations, too, has this child lighted in my bosom!

'They almost balanced my sufferings. How many happy moments have I passed with him! What anxieties changed into delight, when his tedious maladies, brought on by our misfortunes, yielded, by degrees, to convalescence, when I watched the bloom of health spreading, by little and little, over his cheeks that had faded through privation and pain.

'One day (I shall never forget it during my life) I was engaged in some domestic matter, in a remote part of my chamber; my child called out to me, laughing: I went towards him; he had got out of bed himself, was walking, and came to me, and he made the first trial of his strength to come to embrace his mother.

'My child, solitude, repose, and a bare existence, these were all I asked of the duke; I could not obtain them.

'After a moment's reflection, I saw him approach us, commiserate our griefs, restore us hopes, sooth our feelings, and all of a sudden, change to an opposite course; insult, and reject us. He seemed to delight in this barbarous play: like that domestic tiger, the cat, in the interior of our habitations, which gives to its victim only a perfidious truce, and renders the torture it inflicts more irritating by its slowness, and by the false hopes it holds out of giving up the pursuit.

'Sometimes he induced my mother to bring him his son, and when my mother complied, he ordered her to be ignominiously driven away from his palace with unparalleled barbarity. Sometimes he sent to me to inquire if an annuity of six thousand francs for my life and that of my son, seemed to me sufficient; and, in two days after, he would threaten me with imprisonment and the police. In fine, after sending to me a Captain Verlohren, to promise the six thousand francs, he immediately after deputed this same captain to tell me that I should never again have a single kreutzer from him, and that I might beg alms, if I chose.'

Madame Panam had retired from Cobourg on a promise of receiving 3000 francs, (125*l.*) as an annual pension. The contract was drawn up with as much diplomatic form as a convention for the surrender of a fortress or a treaty of peace. It consists of seven articles, and is 'done in duplicate at Coburg.' The last article invalidates all the rest if ever she return to any part of his highness's states. Sometimes the duke manifested remorse, but then immediately relapsed into the most cruel barbarity, and suffered the victim of seduction to be destitute of linen, covering, or

even shoes, and depending for subsistence on the humanity of strangers.

More serious charges than these are made against the duke or his agents, to which we alluded in our former notice, and hesitate to transcribe. Those who wish to see the details have only to consult the work: if we are to credit her narrative, two attempts at least were made on her life during a journey to Vienna, where she met with kinder treatment than at Cobourg. The Grand Duke Constantine presented her with a thousand florins; and Lord Stewart, who appears to have paid his court to the young Greek lady, gave her a rouleau of fifty louis. The Duke of Cobourg pursued her here with his vengeance at least: he accused her to the Austrian court as a dangerous woman, an intrigante, and endeavoured to separate her child from her; and attempts were even made to effect this by force.

We now close the 'Memoirs of Madame Panam:': that she writes under the strong feelings of a 'woman scorned' is evident, and yet her memoirs are so supported by letters and documents written by persons of the highest rank and by the parties implicated, that it is difficult not to give considerable credit to her narrative. The translation is good—but no translation could fairly exhibit such language (if language it can be called) as the Duke of Cobourg writes, and the translator should have given the originals, as we did in our notice of the work (p. 394.) In a note, a specimen of the duke's orthography is given; thus, His Serene Highness of Saxe Cobourg spells 'attendu' 'atandu;' 'devez' 'deves;' 'avant' 'a van;' 'prend' 'pran,' &c. thus proving that whatever talents may be necessary for a reigning Prince of Saxe Cobourg, literary attainments are not indispensable.

*The Memoirs of Philip de Comines: containing the History of Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. of France; and of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; to which Prince he was Secretary. With a Supplement, Life of the Author, &c. Faithfully translated from the late Edition of M. GODEFROY. New Edition, 2 vols, 8vo. pp. 1146. London, 1823.*

ALTHOUGH one object in reprinting this work may have been partially anticipated by the 'Historical Illustrations of Quentin Durward,' which was reviewed in No. 217 of *The Literary Chronicle*, yet Philip de Comines is so sterling an author, and his Memoirs are so valuable, that we rather wonder the

work has not been long ago reprinted, than that it should be brought forth now. The modest and unaffected style of Philip de Comines has caused Sleidan to accuse him of want of learning, of which, however, his Memoirs furnish no proof; but Lipsius, Vossius Guicciardini, Thuanus, and even our Dryden, have borne ample testimony to his judgment and accuracy, and have compared him with the most celebrated Grecian and Roman historians. Dryden places him next to Thucydides, and in the same rank with Polybius, Livy, Tacitus, Guicciardini, and d'Avila, and regrets that our country had not produced any proper author to be ranked with them.

The 'Memoirs of Philip de Comines' embrace a period of thirty-four years, from 1464 to 1498, a period fertile in events, not only in France, but also in England, Italy, Germany, and Spain, all of which come under the notice of the historian. The work has always been much prized in France, where successive editions of it have been printed in the years 1524, 1525, 1526, 1529, 1539, 1546, 1549, 1552, 1559, 1561, 1580; and several other copies, in folio, at various dates. The edition by Godefroy, from which this is translated, was certainly considered the best at the time, nor are we sure that it has been excelled by that of Du Fresnoy, published in Paris in 1747. The Memoirs have been translated into Latin by Sleidan, and into Italian, Dutch, and Spanish by other authors. We have also had three translations of them into English; the first in folio, in 1596; a second, by Uvedale, in 1712; and the present translation, which was published a century ago, nor has it, we believe, since been reprinted. This translation is enriched with the notes of Sleidan; and contains the 'Scandalous Chronicle, or Secret History of Lewis XI. of France,' which, though not written by Comines, forms a useful appendage to his work, from its bearing much on the same subject.

It might seem strange were we to dwell at length on a work which has been printed in England more than two centuries ago, or to make extracts from an historian who may be supposed familiar to all readers; but so far is this from being the case, that we are persuaded that, to many persons, De Comines' Memoirs will present more novelty than many histories, professedly original, which issue from the press in our own day.

Of the accuracy of Philip de Comines

as an historian, his contemporaries, as well as subsequent writers, have borne ample testimony; indeed, his means of making himself acquainted with the facts he relates, are not more notorious than the fidelity and impartiality with which he records them. Of a mild and amiable disposition, De Comines judges liberally of the characters whose deeds he has to relate; he says, in Louis XI. and all the princes whom he had the honour to serve or know, he found always 'a mixture of good and bad, and no wonder, for they are but men like us, and perfection only belongs to God himself.' He has not, however, concealed their errors, though he makes some apology for them by observing, that 'the prince in whom his virtues and good qualities outweigh his vices, is certainly worthy of more than ordinary commendation and applause; because persons of their rank and dignity are more obstinate and inclinable to exorbitancy in their actions than other people, by reason their education in their younger years is with less strictness and discipline; and when they are grown up, the generality of those who are about them make it their business and study to conform themselves to their humours. I have been unwilling to dissemble the matter, and, perhaps, in several places may have said something that seems to lessen the character of my master; but I hope the reader will consider the reasons that induced me to do it.'

This passage lets us completely into the character of De Comines and his Memoirs, and after a statement so ingenuous, it cannot be necessary to enter into any formal critique on the latter. We may, however, observe, that the style, which is plain and unaffected, has much of that eloquence which is often to be found in a natural and unadorned narrative. The facts are well digested, and there is a philosophical view generally taken, not only of their immediate bearings and effects, but also of their prospective results, and not merely in the scene of their immediate operations, but in other countries. The history is interspersed (for the articles are so agreeably introduced, that we can scarcely say interrupted) with a series of essays, called digressions, which are replete with good sense and sound reasoning, and exhibiting no ordinary portion of that essential knowledge for mankind—the study of man. The Memoirs of De Comines are a happy combination of the simplicity and quaintness of the old chronicles with the elegance of modern historians. The

principal merits of the present edition rest with the publishers, who are entitled to the best thanks of the public for supplying so neat a copy of a valuable work at so low a price; and we really wish the example was followed with the *Chronicles of Hall, Froissart, Monstrelet, &c.* which were some few years ago published at a price which placed them far beyond the reach of the great body of the reading public—we might say out of the pale of most private libraries.

Among the prominent subjects in these Memoirs are the wars between Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy; the war of the latter with the Liegeois, who afterwards contested with both the king and the duke; the wars between the Dukes of Lorraine and Burgundy, in which the latter lost his life; the arbitrary conduct of Charles VIII. and his wars in Bretagne and Naples, &c.; together with a view of the contemporary events in other countries.

If we wished to make our review a mere foil to 'Quentin Durward,' we should select those passages which illustrate that work, but such is not our object; beside, that point has been already dismissed, and we do not deem it necessary to shew how much the 'great unknown' has been indebted to the historian, or wherein his inventive genius may have altered or improved the events of history. We shall, for the present at least, prefer one of the historian's digressions, which we recommend most seriously to the attention of the Holy Alliance and to the members of all past or future congresses. It is entitled—'A digression, demonstrating that when two great princes meet, in order to adjust their differences, such interviews are generally more prejudicial than profitable.' De Comines does not give this merely as his opinion, but as resting on historical evidence:—

'It is the highest act of imprudence for two great princes, provided there is any equality in their power, to admit of an interview, unless it be in their youth, when their minds are wholly engaged and taken up with entertainments of mirth and pleasure; but when they are come to years of emulation, and their jealousies of each other apt to increase upon every slight occasion, though their persons should be in no danger (which is almost impossible,) yet their heart-burnings and animosities will certainly augment. It were better, therefore, that they accommodated their differences by the mediation of wise and faithful ministers, as I have sufficiently instanced already in these my memoirs: however, I will give some examples of the like nature, in my own time, part of which I have seen my-

self, and the rest have been informed of by very good hands.

'Not many years after the coronation of our king, and just before the confederacy called the Public Good, there was an interview between the Kings of France and Castile, princes of the nearest alliance in Christendom, for the kings are akin, their kingdoms almost contiguous, and their subjects bound by oaths and execrations to preserve it inviolable. To this interview Henry King of Castile came to Fontarabia very splendidly attended, and the King of France came to St. John de Luz (about four leagues' distance), and each of them were upon the very borders of their kingdoms; I was not present myself, but I had my relation from the king, and from Monsieur du Lau, and it was confirmed to me afterwards by several persons in Castile, who were then present with their king, and particularly by the grand master of St. James, and the Archbishop of Toledo, the two greatest persons in that kingdom at that time. There were present also the Count de Lodesme (that king's favourite) in great splendour, with his guards consisting of three hundred horse, all Moors of Granada, or negroes. It is true, indeed, that King Henry was a person of no great sense, for he had either given away all his patrimony, or suffered it to be taken or embezzled by any body that had a mind to it. Our king was also well attended, according to his custom, and his guards made a glorious appearance. The Queen of Arragon was present at that treaty, upon occasion of a difference between her and the King of Castile about Estella, and some other places in Navarre, of which difference the King of France was made umpire. To continue our proposition, that the interview of great princes is not necessary, but rather dangerous; you must know, these two kings had never had any quarrels, neither was there the least difference between them; they saw one another not above once or twice upon the bank of a river, called Endayo or Vidaso (which parts the two kingdoms), near a little castle called Heurtebise, where the King of Castile passed over to the other side; but they staid no longer together than the Great Master of St. James and the Archbishop of Toledo thought good; which being observed by the King of France, he desired their acquaintance, and they went to wait on him at St. John de Luz. His majesty received them very honourably, and a mighty friendship and intelligence was settled between them and the King of France, who immediately began to dislike the King of Castile, and had but little value and esteem for him. The greatest part of their attendants were quartered at Bayonne, between whom several quarrels immediately arose (notwithstanding the alliance,) their languages also were different. The Count de Lodesme passed the river in a boat, whose sail was of cloth of gold; he was himself in a pair of buskins set thick with precious stones, in which he went to wait upon the king; though he was not really a count, yet he was very rich, and I saw him afterwards made Duke of Albou,

and invested with great possessions in Castile. Several jests and scoffs happened between these two nations, notwithstanding their alliance. The King of Castile's person was homely, and his dress did not please the French, who laughed at and derided both. Our king wore a short coat, as ill made as was possible; sometimes he wore a very coarse cloth, and particularly then; his hat was old, and differing from every body's else, by an image of lead which he carried upon it. The Castilians laughed as heartily at his dress, supposing it his covetousness. In short, the convention broke up, and they parted, but with such scorn and contempt on both sides, that the two kings never loved one another heartily afterwards; and such quarrels and animosities arose in the court of Castile among the courtiers, as continued to the king's death, and a long time after. I saw the king afterwards forsaken by all his servants, and the poorest and most despicable prince in the world. The Queen of Arragon was also much dissatisfied with the sentence which the King of France had given in favour of the King of Castile, and both she and the King of Arragon hated him for it ever after: it is true they made use of him against the town of Barcelona afterwards in their extremity; but that friendship lasted not long, for a war broke out between our king and the King of Arragon, which lasted sixteen years, and remains yet undetermined: but to give other examples.

'Since that time Charles Duke of Burgundy, with great labour and solicitation, obtained an interview with the Emperor Frederick, (who is still living), and spent vast sums of money to shew his grandeur and magnificence: the place of meeting was at Treves, where several things were discoursed of, and among the rest a marriage between their children, which was afterwards accomplished. After they had been several days together, on a sudden the emperor departed without so much as taking his leave, which the Duke of Burgundy looked upon as so great an affront, and was so generally resented, that there was never afterwards any true love between either themselves or their subjects: the duke's pompous and lofty manner of speaking (which they imputed to his pride) offended the Germans; and the emperor's meanness, both in his train and dress, appeared as contemptible to the Burgundians; and so far was this accident extended, that from it alone the wars of Nuz had their original.

'I was also present at an interview, at the town of St. Paul in Artois, between the Duke of Burgundy and Edward IV., King of England, whose sister he had married, and, besides, they were brethren of the same order. They were but two days together, and yet in that small time there was great difference between the king's servants, and both parties recommending their quarrel to the duke, and he deciding it for the one, their hatred increased. However, he assisted the king in the recovery of his kingdom, with men, money, and ships, for he had been driven out by the Earl of War-

wick. Yet, notwithstanding that good office, they never loved nor spoke well of one another after this interview.

'I was present likewise when the Count Palatine of the Rhine made a visit to the Duke of Burgundy at Brussels, where he staid several days. He was honourably received, nobly entertained, and lodged in an apartment richly furnished. The duke's servants upbraided the Germans for their nastiness and incivility, in laying their dirty clothes and their boots upon those rich beds, and accused them of want of neatness and consideration, and they never liked them afterwards so well as they had done before. The Germans being as much dissatisfied on the other side, reproached them for their pomp and extravagance! so that, in effect, they never loved nor did any good office for one another afterwards.

'I saw also the meeting between the Duke of Burgundy, and Sigismund Duke of Austria, when the latter sold to the Duke of Burgundy the county of Ferrette, (which lies not far from the county of Burgundy,) for a hundred thousand florins of gold, being unable himself to defend it against the Swiss. These princes also were not well pleased with one another. Afterwards Sigismund made peace with the Swiss, possessed himself again of the county, but never returned his money, from whence great mischiefs resulted to the Duke of Burgundy. At the same time also the Earl of Warwick came to visit the Duke of Burgundy, and ever afterwards a mortal hatred continued between them.

'I was also at the interview at Picquiny (not far from Amiens) between our king and Edward IV., King of England, and shall give a larger account of it in another place, but must observe by-the-by, that scarce any thing was performed that was promised there, but all their whole business was hypocrisy and dissimulation. It is true, they had no wars, because the sea divided them, but there never was any real friendship or good correspondence between them afterwards. To conclude, if great princes have a desire to continue friends, in my judgment they ought never to meet; and my reasons are these, courtiers cannot forbear reflecting upon past actions, and one or other will be sure to take exception; neither is it possible to hinder the train and equipage of the one from being finer and more magnificent than the other, which produces mockery, and nothing touches any person more sensibly than to be laughed at. The princes being of different nations, their language and habits are commonly different, and that which pleases one will not please the other; besides, among the princes themselves it often happens, that the presence of the one is more obliging and acceptable, which gains him honour and reputation, and every body extols him, which cannot be done without reflecting on the other; for some few days after they are parted, all their fine stories and observations are whispered and told privately up and down, but afterwards having told them often, they become less cautious, and by degrees their

tales grow to be table-talk, and are at length carried to both parties; for few things (especially of that nature,) can be concealed in this world. And these are part of the reasons which I have known and observed in this case.'

*Memoirs of the Baron de Kolli, relative to his Secret Mission in 1810, for liberating Ferdinand VII. King of Spain, from Captivity at Valençay. Written by Himself. To which are added, Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria, written by Herself. Svo. pp. 340. London, 1823.*

'IF,' as Shakespeare says, 'there is a divinity that edges round a king,' there is also a species of attraction about royalty, which makes men hazard every thing for its sake. The history of every monarchy teems with instances of devotion to the person of a sovereign, which is rarely met with, and never to the same extent, in any other circumstances. The crown of Richard III., purchased as it was by innocent blood, was defended with as much bravery by his followers, as if he had been the most legitimate possessor. When Charles XII. of Sweden, with only sixty domestics, engaged the whole Turkish army at Bender, not a man was found to point out the madness of the enterprise, or to shrink from the unequal contest. If we come to later times, we shall find that Bonaparte, in a most especial manner, possessed the attachment of his followers. In his court and council he had no traitors; and when fortune deserted him, and some of the summer friends had taken flight, his army remained faithful. When the disastrous campaign of Moscow had destroyed the finest army that ever took the field, not a murmur was heard against their chief, even in their dying groans. When, again, at the battle of Waterloo, all was lost, and the emperor fled from the field of battle, the wounded soldiery, who lay not scattered, but almost in regular rank and file, greeted him with their cheers, and perished, crying *vive l'empereur*.—But, in the hour of battle, there may be an exhalation of spirits or an absence of reflection, which may make men brave every danger, and, therefore, such instances do not apply to one of the most daring and hazardous adventures ever attempted, the mission of Baron de Kolli—a mission in which the danger was so imminent, and the prospect of success so remote, that we wonder any man could be found to attempt it. Perhaps we may be told that the hopes of a large reward would be a

sufficient incentive, but this we doubt; we cannot but believe that the Baron de Kolli was urged by nobler motives, either those of patriotism or personal esteem, and pity for the royal prisoner.

These Memoirs, the authenticity of which is unquestionable, contain a brief and plain but well-written narrative of the extraordinary facts connected with this mission; and, although many of his adventures are so singular, as to seem rather 'fictions in airy fancy dress'd,' than real occurrences, yet we assured of their truth.

The general circumstances of the mission are well known. Ferdinand VII. who had been kidnapped at Bayonne, by Bonaparte, was conveyed to Valençay, the seat of Talleyrand, where he was detained a prisoner. The war in the Peninsula was now raging, and the British government, knowing that the king's name is a tower of strength, felt that it would be of great importance if Ferdinand could be released from his thralldom—not that his talents would give any weight to his cause; but, by rescuing him from the clutches of Napoleon, they would prevent the latter from using his name, and could obtain his sanction to the measures they were taking, for resisting the French in Spain. Before we enter more particularly into these Memoirs, we may make one remark. It has been long said that Talleyrand dissuaded Bonaparte from the Spanish war. This, Napoleon, while at St. Helena, distinctly denied; and Baron de Kolli declares the same. He says, the Prince of Benevento never opposed any war which Napoleon wished to undertake, and that the expedition against Spain never had, in his eyes, the character of injustice and fatality.

When the British government determined on attempting the liberation of Ferdinand, Baron de Kolli, who had recommended himself by several secret missions in France, Italy, and Germany, was selected for the purpose, and he immediately hastened from the Continent to England, but this was not accomplished without difficulty.

Baron de Kolli reached London on the 31st Dec. 1809, and immediately had an interview with the Duke of Kent, and afterwards with the Marquis Wellesley, who communicated to him the plan for liberating Ferdinand—a plan of which, the baron states, the Duke of Kent requested permission from his royal father to become the principal. Admiral Sir George Cockburn was appointed to command the vessels for the expedition; but difficulties were met

with, even in London, from French spies; and, the baron says, 'that, in order to avoid the observation of the French police, he never ventured near the Secretary of State's Office, but with the greatest precaution.' The meetings of the ministers were as secret as those of conspirators. They took place at Admiral Cockburn's, at night, and Lord Wellesley went in a borrowed carriage.

Towards the end of January, all was ready; the Implacable and the Disdainful, together with a brig and a schooner, formed the squadron. The despatches consisted of a letter from the Marquis of Wellesley to Baron de Kolli, two letters from his late Majesty to Ferdinand VII, one in French the other in Latin; and a letter of Charles IV. to his Britannic Majesty, in 1802. Baron de Kolli had also a packet of diamonds, to the amount of 208,000 francs, for the expenses of his mission; he had, also, an unlimited credit for King Ferdinand, at a banker's in Paris. He was further provided with seals and cyphers of the secretary-ships of state of Bonaparte's government, French passports, *feuilles de route*, orders of the ministers of war, and treasury, &c. The fleet sailed to Quiberon, where a M. de Ferriet, a French spy, in English pay, was taken on board, whom the baron blames for having given the French police information respecting the expedition.

Baron de Kolli was landed with his companion Albert, whom he had engaged in the enterprize. The plan for rescuing the king was as follows:—

'One of my first objects was to examine the environs of Valençay; to reconnoitre the side of the park which could be scaled; and the windows of the king's smaller apartments. I had very soon obtained the needful information, and settled in my own mind the best plan of execution; it only remained to set it a-going. I first repaired to Paris in order to receive 30,000 francs in money; from thence I dispatched, towards Orleans, the saddle-horses which were to serve for the first relays, after the king's escape. I sent, at the same time, to Tours, a berlin, under the charge of two confidential lacqueys.

'They were instructed never to open the blinds or the doors of this carriage; to affect great respect to the travellers who were supposed to be in it; to travel night and day by the usual post, on the road from Tours to Paimbeuf; to pay the postillions liberally, and to eat and drink of the best at all the inns. The order for their departure was to be given them by myself upon the spot. On their arrival at Paimbeuf, they were to leave the berlin at the post-house, and to receive fresh orders.

'The reader already guesses that the ob-

ject of all these demonstrations was to send the police agents, who would be dispatched in pursuit of us, upon a wrong scent.

'A trusty person, posted in front of Sarzeau, near the salt-pits, under the rock on the right, was on particular days to make the signal agreed upon; an English officer was immediately to come and take him on board during the night, and put him in communication with the admiral, to whom he was to repeat a sentence, the meaning of which was only known to that officer and myself.

'After settling these preliminaries, I was to repair in person to the chateau of \* \* \*, close to Valençay, where a person was instructed to introduce me with the facilities most likely to accomplish my object.

'While the attention and pursuit of the police would have been wholly directed towards the berlin, and the road to Nantes, I was to have directed the king's journey by that of Vannes, and by the post, on horseback, to have reached near Sarzeau, in forty seven hours. Leaving Valençay at midnight, the discovery of the king's flight would not have been made for eight hours afterwards. The first relays would have brought us to Saint Cristophe, beyond Tours; the second, beyond Mans; where we should have taken post horses. My uniform, as a colonel of gendarmes, and the supposed orders of the secretaryship of state, of which I was the bearer, rendered the success of our journey infallible, so much the more, that the only trace visible beyond Tours was that which left the berlin on the road to Nantes.

'The admiral was to have made his descent at the moment of his Catholic Majesty's arrival, and the King of Spain would then have been at liberty!

That the enterprise was a difficult one was evident, from the care with which Ferdinand was watched:—

'The guard of the king and the Infantas was entrusted to a staff officer, whose real functions were disguised under the title of *commandant of the royal establishment*; this agent of the ministers, or rather of the general police, detained the originals of all letters addressed to, or written by, his Catholic majesty, and only delivered or forwarded the copies. It is easy to conceive the consequences of such a system of tyranny. On the one hand, the king could receive no news from Spain that was not of a nature to give him pain, and deprive him of all hope; and, on the other, the falsification of his correspondence by the police enabled it to give currency, under the king's name, to every piece of imposture which it wished to be credited, as to his situation and secret wishes.'

'Numerous brigades of gendarmerie were posted all round the environs of Valençay; every traveller was subjected to the most rigid examination, and the smallest irregularity in their passports occasioned the most unheard-of annoyances. I was told, that a merchant of Bourdeaux was obliged to turn back and take another road, because

Fouché's myrmidons did not find that his nose was so aquiline as his passport described it.

Having thus reconnoitred Valençay, he repaired to Paris, to make his arrangements for carrying his plan into effect. He engaged a house in the forest of Vincennes, and formed an acquaintance with a *Sieur Richard*, who proved unworthy of his confidence. On the 23d of March all was ready; the horses were brought into the park, and next day he intended to set out for Valençay:—

‘On the morning of the 24th, I gave Richard orders to go to Paris to make some purchases. While the horse was putting into the cabriolet, he came to me in the garden, and I gave him 2700 francs in bank notes; his countenance was gloomy, and I was making a remark on it, when I heard a knocking at the front door. The gardener's son came to tell us that his father wished to come in to get some of his tools; I beckoned to Richard to go and open the door, and followed him towards it, continuing to converse with him; all at once eleven men threw themselves upon us, and held our arms.

‘By his savage look and forbidding air, I instantly recognized that chief of sbirri, who . . . arrested Pichegru. When he saw that I was deprived of the power of resistance, he took a paper out of his pocket, and read as follows:—

“The *Sieur Paques*, inspector-general of the general police, is hereby ordered to repair to Vincennes, Rue de la Pisotte, No. 9, and there to arrest three individuals, charged with corresponding with the enemies of the state.

“The minister of general police.  
(Signed) “Fouché.”

“You appear too certain that you are not mistaken,” said I to him, “to allow me to profit of the want of precision of this order.” “Sir, if I am mistaken, you will reclaim against me.” Then, addressing his myrmidons, “Carry them into their apartments.”

“That of Richard, as I have already mentioned, was next to mine, and I could see what was passing in it. I observed that they paid very little attention to him. While they were ransacking our closets, and collecting all the objects susceptible of examination; the people came in, in crowds, along with the auxiliary gendarmes, who were brought in through the doors from the park. When the inspector had finished his researches, he put this question to me, “Who are you?” “I am sent by the British Government, for the purpose of releasing his Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand VII. King of Spain and the Indies, the victim of the usurpation and despotism of Bonaparte, and now his prisoner at Valençay.” The *Sieur Paques* looked at me with astonishment. “Must I repeat my answer?”—“No, no, sir, you may tell that elsewhere.” Observing his idea, and judging by the si-

lence around me, that I had inspired an interest beyond that of mere curiosity, I repeated my answer aloud.

‘Richard, whose doubts were at last cleared up, exclaimed in a tone of despair, “What, was it for that!”’

Richard had suspected that the designs of the baron were against the life of Napoleon. The baron underwent a severe interrogatory before M. Desmarest, to whose ingenuity he pays the highest compliment; and tired with an examination which ‘jumbled all his ideas,’ he let him write what he pleased.

‘Once, however, I seized the *a-propos* so well, that M. Desmarest was completely the dupe, and contributed, without being aware of it, to reveal to the English ministry the real state of the case. I had agreed with the Marquis Wellesley, that, in the event of my being arrested, without being able to reach Ferdinand, I should name to the police a different admiral's vessel, than the one I came by. This precaution I did not fail to observe; the false name I had given was printed in the official reports, and the noble marquis knew by that the reliance that was to be placed on the other particulars which the French government wished to be credited.’

The baron underwent another examination before Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, and was next day consigned to the Donjon of Vincennes, and put *au secret*; where he remained for four years. In this prison he became acquainted with the two Counts de Polignac, one of whom is now ambassador from France to the British court. The interview, even with the connivance of the keeper, was not effected without difficulty.

The French police, provided with the credentials of Baron de Kolli, employed an agent to personate him, and decoy Ferdinand to attempt an escape; but this project failed; and Baron de Kolli states that all the reports of the time and the letters attributed to Ferdinand were forgeries, as well as another letter in which Ferdinand is said to have expressed a wish to become the adopted son or son-in-law of Bonaparte.

The confinement of the baron was very close at Vincennes; though the keeper had been excused from sleeping in the cell, and he was enabled to get a little enlargement of his boundaries. He says:—

‘When once alone, I opened the first door by means of a piece of twine, which was attached to the external bolt, and brought inside through an opening, in such a way, that, by pulling it cautiously, the bolt was drawn from its hinges, and allowed me the enjoyment of a corridor of about twelve yards, which was well lighted by two windows, perpendicular with the dormer

windows, by which my friends communicated with me. Whenever they received any visit from without, if the news was good, Count Armand played upon the *clarionet* that air of former times, *J'ai du bon tabac*, &c. The echo of this vast imperial pigeon-house repeated most accurately sounds which I thought quite heavenly.’

One of Baron de Kolli's fellow-prisoners, the Abbé de Bournissac, got his release in a way which shews that Bonaparte's anxiety for promoting science was paramount to his personal feelings:

‘M. de Bournissac, who was a very superior chymist, resigned himself to direct his knowledge of that science towards the great object of the continental system. In consequence, he asked for, and obtained, the proper utensils for coction, set about making sugar from grapes, and very soon succeeded beyond his expectation. The minister accepted a present of one of the finest loaves that could be desired, and in the warmth of his joy, sent it as a burnt-offering to the star of the west! The clouds were instantly dispersed, a voice more auspicious than that of the augurs of the Tagus was heard to pronounce that M. de Bournissac had ceased to irritate his imperial majesty, and that he was free.’

As Baron Kolli's confinement precluded him from the use of ink and paper, he could only get these things by connivance. The Counts de Polignac had given him a supply, and when it was exhausted, he, by means of an iron rod which had belonged to a stove, bored a hole through the wall that separated him from another prisoner, with whom he opened a communication.

Though Baron de Kolli was a man of great enterprise and courage, yet he really does not seem to have possessed much discernment,—he was deceived by *Sieur Richard*; he was deceived by Albert, whom he severely reproaches, and half suspects of betraying him; and he acknowledges himself to have become the dupe of Lerouge, and nearly fallen by his own hands in consequence. He entrusted this fellow to deliver a letter to a priest, who had been acquainted with his first attempt. On the 7th of February, 1811, he was attacked by six myrmidons of the police, determined to search him thoroughly or to maim him. Despairing of preserving some papers of importance, Baron de Kolli stabbed himself under the left breast with five strokes of the scissors, and was left in his dungeon as dead. A bottle of lavender-water, which he had procured in the early part of his imprisonment, however, saved him; and he now determined to attempt his escape from a place where two prisoners only had escaped in a period of 500 years, namely, the Duc de Beaufort in 1648,

and Henry de la Tude about the year 1750: but the Donjon had now been rendered more secure:—

‘The interior was less extensive and badly distributed, and had not a sufficient number of isolated *secret cells*, or *strong rooms*, to hold all the royalists, or foreigners faithful to their sovereigns, whom the police wished to throw into them; but a most skilful combination supplied the want of room, and Vincennes at last possessed all the requisites that could be desired for an excellent state prison. A square gallery, forty-two feet high by twelve wide, having four little turrets at the angles, isolates the Donjon from the body of the fortress. Its height is one hundred and fifty feet, and it rises in the midst of a parallelogrammatic line; the walls are thirteen feet thick at the base and five at the top; the foundations are forty feet deep; the stones with which it is built are of a granite species; they are laid together by *juxta-position*, and united by a mortar composed of gravel and iron-waste; the partial shape of the Donjon is a right angle, with four towers, corresponding with the four cardinal points; the sub-division is into four stories, besides an addition of recent construction. Each story has a large hall, and each tower a *secret cell*. The common staircase is spiral, into which light is thrown by openings of fourteen inches long by four wide. The great staircase, called *the queen's*, goes no further than the third story. A leaden platform crowns the building; it is surrounded by an enormous iron railing, which, in case of necessity, might be used very appropriately as a balustrade to the statue of a certain statesman.’

The only method of escape seemed to be by scaling the Donjon, and getting out at the drawbridge; but, to do this, he must break through two iron gratings of immoderate thickness, and he had only a slight iron rod of two feet long and four lines in diameter:—

‘The iron rod I converted into a species of chisel for the purpose of excavating the inner lining of the wall in the shape of a bee-hive. I made use of the end of a pair of tongs sharpened, to cut out the intervals of the holes of this hive until I got to the centre of the wall, where I should find greater facilities. I used a piece of the wood of my couch as a lever; an iron-bound stool enabled me to raise the larger stones, and place them by their centre of equilibrium, on the mechanical principle; a large sponge kept the cell in a proper state of cleanliness, to prevent suspicion; a syringe injected the intervals of the stones, where the mortar would not give way; and finally the bed and body linen which had been given me, I destined to the purpose of making a very strong rope.’

‘After making my observations, I attacked the wall behind an inner door, which led into a small cell communicating with mine, in such a way that it concealed a part of the hole when it was opened. As an additional precaution, I accustomed the keeper,

Larose, to the sight of a quantity of rags of all sorts, hanging over the least part of the opening, and to furnish me with a large quantity of water.

‘On the 1st of May, 1811, I opened the works at breast height, in order that the exertion of my whole strength might render the execution less difficult. The stone resisted, and did not yield more than an inch per day. On the 1st of June following, the hive having been completed in the whole extent of the first stone, the intervals were soon broken down, and I found less difficulty in loosening the stones of the interior.’

‘By degrees the cavity was enlarged, but as the rubbish increased in proportion, I was obliged to suspend my labours, until it pleased the doctor to prescribe me some hours’ exercise in the court. In the mean time I filled my truckle-bed with all the rubbish of stones and plaister which I took from the cavity.

‘At last I obtained permission to breathe one hour’s fresh air every two or three days. I was apprized beforehand of the time, in order that I might be ready to come out at the instant they found most convenient to themselves.

‘On these occasions I loaded myself from head to foot with all the portable rubbish I could carry, and with this rough lining, which severely scratched my body, I made my way, wrapped up in my large lynx-skin covering, to the necessary, where I speedily got rid of the load. The fatigue occasioned by such severe labour, and by prolonged watching, gave me an air of suffering, and of difficulty in walking, which removed suspicion, and contributed in no small degree to the tranquillity of my keeper. Fortunately it never struck him to visit the cell when I was out of it, or more probably, he preferred keeping his eye upon me during the promenade.

‘Surprised at not having yet reached the exterior lining, I measured the depth of the part I had undermined, when, to my extreme mortification, I found that the direction I had taken, which I had hitherto supposed to be perpendicular, was diagonal, and lost in the curved thickness of the northern tower.’

Still he persevered, and regained the original direction:—

‘At last, after six months labour and continued precautions, the detail of which would appear tedious, I succeed in coming to, and unloosening, the last stone of the external facing, so as to be able to draw it in at pleasure, without making anything fall outside.

‘Never was any architect more delighted in contemplating his labours than I was, in the midst of my crater. The passage of the air through the walls gave me a degree of pleasure, perhaps superior to the joy which a man feels on his liberation from a long slavery. I sat down; the desire of a heart steeped in affliction is that of offering to the Creator its first consolations, its first hopes! After indulging for a few moments in a delightful reverie, I replaced each stone in its place in the most convenient position.

‘My rope still remained to be made.

‘With the sheets which I had procured in the first days of my captivity, and which I had not yet used, I made twelve rolls, each ten feet long, and about the thickness of a finger; I joined these together by knots large enough to cling to, and strengthened at short spaces by other smaller knots.

‘The night of the 24th of October, 1811, was that which I fixed upon for effecting my escape, and I arranged my plan upon the following data. I knew that the masons came in regularly every morning at five o’clock to work at the distribution of a prison, destined by Savary for that sex, whose weakness is not incompatible with the strength of mind admired even by the Septemberers in the humble and affecting courage of a Sombreuil. I knew that in that prison (designated by the hypocritical name of the infirmary,) were deposited the tools of the masons that were at work there; finally, I had ascertained that the keepers were not in the habit of going their rounds about the Donjon during the night, and that the watch-dogs were shut up in that part of the court used for the promenade.

‘At nine o’clock the turnkey came in as usual, and after a short visit, went about his business. My compassion, which had hitherto been silent for this old guardsman, suggested to me that my escape might have the effect of throwing him into a hut of the Bicêtre, where he would be left to perish, as a punishment for his negligence.

‘On the door of the cell, therefore, I wrote a few lines with chalk, exculpating him from all knowledge of my plans, or of having winked at my escape.

‘All the stones were now displaced, and ranged along the ground, the outside one excepted; a small piece of plaister fell at the foot of the Donjon, close to where the commandant was standing; but he supposed it could only be occasioned by the wind, knowing the strength of the Donjon, and the weakness of its inhabitants, too well to entertain any other idea. As for me, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed to God for the necessary support, and if my last hour was come, that He would receive me into his mercy, with the martyrs who had preceded me in the cause of honour. With a conscience less pure than theirs, I had reason for apprehension, but that only served to make my faith the stronger. With my heart calm, I arose, and prepared to launch myself—even into eternity.

‘My appearance sufficiently resembled that of a common workman, had it not been for a beard of ten inches long; as I had no means of getting rid of it, and could not burn it without risk, I determined to pull it out by the roots. The horrible punishments which were formerly inflicted on felons and perjurers bore no comparison to that which I thus voluntarily added to the cruelties that were devised by the creatures of a tyrannical government!!—It was done!—The outside stone was removed—the rope unrolled, but it was too short, and I lengthened it; I was now suspended, the rope appeared to yield, and the oscillation carried me a good

way out, but secured against all chances, I held fast, and reached the ground safe!

'It had just struck four in the morning on the platform of the drawbridge; I dragged myself to the part of the prison I have described, and laid hold of a tray for carrying mortar. If I had gone a few steps farther, I should have found a port-hole window quite open, through which I could have descended into the ditch, and then ascended through a staircase which would have led me out; but as I was then quite ignorant of that part of its topography, I returned to the other end, and sat down at a little gate which separated the two courts: Turk and Rustaut, two watch-dogs, ran up from the other side. I threw them some provisions through an opening under the gate; they immediately recognized me as the friend, who for the last six months, at the hours of promenade, had shared his allowance with them, and being accustomed to the caresses of poor people, they remained perfectly quiet. At last, day appeared, and I heard the workmen passing and repassing; I took advantage of the moment, passed through the principal gate without remark, (thanks to my ragged appearance,) and advanced to the gate of the little drawbridge. The turnkey came out—examined me—hesitated. I might have knocked him down, taken the key from him, gone out, and locked it behind me—he asked me a question, which I answered boldly, and he was just going to turn the key, when some real masons came up, and by their inquisitive looks, sealed the unfortunate issue of my attempt.'

Poor Baron de Kolli was reconducted to prison.—The Memoirs of the baron are so intensely interesting, that we shall resume the remainder of his narrative in our next.

*Don Juan.* Cantos IX. X. XI. London. 1823.

WHEN Lord Byron's licentious poem of 'Don Juan' was sold at half-a-guinea a Canto, it was so far beyond the reach of the greatest portion of the reading public, that there was some apology for a reviewer dwelling at length on its merits, and little to fear from its immoral tendency, on account of its limited circulation. The case is now very different, when the poem has fallen from half a guinea per Canto to a groat, and that we can purchase his lordship's poems, of some 7 or 800 lines each, like mackarel three for a shilling. In thus lowering the price, the noble lord has so far acted judiciously, that he has suited the price to that class of society for whom he seems to have intended his poem, which is a tissue of vulgar oaths and indelicacies.

The three Cantos now published have partially appeared in a Sunday paper, to which a British peer does not disdain to lend his pen, when morality or the British government is to be attacked;

stanzas that were there doled out piecemeal, are now collected with some additions, and called the 9th, 10th, and 11th Cantos of this long-winded poem, which may by the same process of manufacture be extended to any length.

The ninth Canto commences with an attack on the Duke of Wellington, who is called a 'young hero,' and 'the best of cut-throats.' His lordship is, however, somewhat inconsistent. In the third stanza he says, though Britain owes the duke much, yet Europe owes him more, and that Waterloo has made the world his debtor; and, in the very next stanza, he says—

'And I shall be delighted to learn who, Save you and your's have gained by Waterloo? From the Duke of Wellington the poet passes to his own metaphysical doubts, and vindicates himself against the charge of misanthropy, declaring that he is, on the contrary,

—'the mildest meekest of mankind, Like Moses or Melancthon, who have ne'er Done any thing exceedingly unkind.'

The further adventures of the hero of the poem (who was left in the last Canto on his way to St. Petersburg, with the child he had saved on the field of battle) now commences. His lordship says, he will war, at least in words, (and should his chance so happen—deeds) with all who war with thought; and that, he will not give his voice to 'Slavery's jackall cry.' The simile of the jackall pleases the poet so much, that he versifies the old vulgar error of the jackall being the lion's provider. The poet no sooner places Don Juan at the court of St. Petersburg than he interrupts himself to make a brutal attack on the late Marquis of Londonderry, whom he designates as—

'That sphinx whose words would ever be a doubt,

Did not his deeds unriddle them each day; That monstrous hieroglyphic, that long spout Of blood and water, leaden Castlereagh.'

Don Juan arrives at the court of St. Petersburg with dispatches from Suwarrow,

—'who threw Into a Russian couplet, rather dull, The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.'

Don Juan becomes a favourite with the Empress Catherine, and Lord Byron is not the poet to let such a subject slip through his fingers easily; we confess, however, we have found him more licentious on a less tempting occasion. Don Juan becomes unwell, and is honoured with an embassy to England. His journey is well described, but he cannot be permitted to land without the poet giving a philippic against the land of his birth; which, he tells us,

—'all the nations deem their worst foe, That worse than worst of foes, the once adored False friend, who held out freedom to mankind, And now would chain them to the very mind.'

A few stanzas of the journey from Dover to London are worth quoting, though few persons, we believe, will agree with the poet's description of London and St. Pauls:—

'Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties, Thy cliffs, dear Dover! harbour, and hotel; Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties; Thy waiters running a muck at every bell; Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties To those who upon land or water dwell; And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed, Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnifque, And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,

Who did not limit much his bills per week, Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it,— (His Maggior Duomo, a smart, subtle Greek, Before him summed the awful scroll, and read it.)

But doubtless as the air, though seldom sunny, Is free, the respiration's worth the money.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury! Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash, through puddle;

Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry! Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle

Along the road, as if they went to bury Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle With "schnapps"—sad dogs! whom "Hunds-fot" or "Ferflueter"

Affect no more than lighting a conductor.

'Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,

Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry, As going at full speed—no matter where its Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,

And merely for the sake of its own merits; For the less cause there is for all this flurry, The greater is the pleasure in arriving At the great end of travel—which is driving.

'They saw at Canterbury the cathedral; Black Edward's helm, and Becket's bloody stone,

Were pointed out as usual by the Bedral, In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—

There's Glory again for you, gentle reader! All Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone, Half-solved into those sodas or magnesias, Which form that bitter draught, the human species.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'What a delightful thing's a turnpike road! So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.

Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the God Had told his son to satisfy his craving With the York mail; but onward as we roll, "Surgit amari aliquid"—the toll!

\* \* \* \* \*

'The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from

A half-unquenched volcano, o'er a space Which well beseeemed the "Devil's drawing-room,"

As some have qualified that wond'rous place.  
But Juan felt, though not approaching home,

As one who, though he were not of the race,  
Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,  
Who butchered half the earth, and bullied  
t'other.

'A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and ship-  
ping,

Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just  
skipping

In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;  
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
On a fool's head—and there is London town!

In his journey to town some highway-  
men attack Don Juan on Shooter's Hill,  
one of whom he kills; this adventure is  
related in a manner which shows that  
Lord Byron is as well versed in the vul-  
gar tongue as Pierce Egan. The high-  
wayman salutes him with an oath, and,  
when shot, the fellow exclaims,—'Oh,  
Jack, I'm floored by that ere bl—y  
Frenchman.' We must really allow  
Lord Byron, the British peer, and one  
of the first poets of the day, to show off  
in a line in which he seems so ambitious  
to be distinguished. His party assist in  
carrying off the wounded robber:—

'But ere they could perform this pious duty,  
The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my  
gruel!"

"Oh! for a glass of *max*! We've missed our  
booty;

"Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel  
Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty  
The drops fell from his death-wound, and  
he drew ill

His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied  
A kerchief, crying "Give Sal that!"—and died.

'The cravat stained with bloody drops fell  
down

Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell  
Exactly why it was before him thrown,  
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.  
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,  
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,  
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,  
His pockets first and then his body riddled.

'Don Juan, having done the best he could  
In all the circumstances of the case,  
As soon as "Crown's quest" allowed, pur-  
sued

His travels to the capital apace;—  
Esteeming it a little hard he should

In twelve hour's time, and very little space,  
Have been obliged to slay a freeborn native  
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

'He from the world had cut off a great man,  
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.  
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,  
Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?  
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street's  
ban)

On the high toby-spice so flash the muszle?  
Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blow-  
ing)

So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?

Don Juan arrived in town, and was  
well received; the 'Blues' hovered  
round him, and he saw all the literati.

Here Lord Byron good-naturedly alludes  
to his own rank as a poet:—

'Juan knew several languages—as well  
He might—and brought them up with skill,  
in time

To save his fame with each accomplished belle,  
Who still regretted that he did not rhyme.

There wanted but this requisite to swell  
His qualities (with them) into sublime:  
Lady Fitz-Frisky and Miss Mævia Mannish,  
Both longed extremely to be sung in Spanish.

'However, he did pretty well, and was  
Admitted as an aspirant to all

The Coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,  
At great assemblies or in parties small,

He saw ten thousand living authors pass,  
That being about their average numeral;

Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"  
As every paltry magazine can show it's.

'In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"

Like to the champion in the fisty ring,  
Is called on to support his claim, or show it,  
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.

Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,  
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—

Was reckoned, a considerable time,  
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

'But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero  
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems  
Cain:

"La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,  
Now that the lion's fall'n, may rise again:

But I will fall at least as fell my hero;  
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign;

Or to some lonely isle of jailors go,  
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

'Sir Walter reigned before me; Moore and  
Campbell

Before and after; but now grown more holy,  
The muses upon Sion's hill must ramble

With poets almost clergymen, or wholly;

\* \* \* \* \*

'Then there's my gentle Euphues; who, they  
say,

Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*;  
He'll find it rather difficult some day

To turn out both, or either, it may be.

Some persons think that Coleridge hath the  
sway;

And Wordsworth has supporters, two or  
three;

And that deep-mouthed Bæotian "Savage Lan-  
dor"

Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

'John Keats, who was killed off by one cri-  
tique,

Just as he really promised something great,  
If not intelligible,—without Greek

Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
Much as they might have been supposed to

speak.

Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;  
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,

Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

'The list grows long of live and dead pretend-  
ers

To that which none will gain—or none will  
know

The conqueror at least; who, ere time renders  
His last award, will have the long grass

grow  
Above his burnt-out brain and sapless cinders.

If I might augur, I should rate but low  
Their chances;—they're too numerous, like the

thirty  
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals waxed but  
dirty.

'This is the literary *lower* empire,  
Where the Prætorian bands take up the mat-  
ter;—

A "dreadful trade," like his who "gathers  
samphire,"

The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,  
With the same feelings as you'd coax a vam-  
pire.

Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,  
I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,  
And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

'I think I know a trick or two, would turn  
Their flanks;—but it is hardly worth my  
while

With such small gear to give myself concern:  
Indeed I've not the necessary bile;

My natural temper's really aught but stern,  
And even my muse's worst reproof's a

smile;

And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy,  
And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

The adventures of Don Juan in Lon-  
don are not entered upon, but are de-  
signed for another shillingsworth at no

very distant day, we predicate; for if  
Lord Byron lives and the public read

him, we see no reason why 'Don Juan'  
may not become as voluminous as 'Rees's

Cyclopædia.' We think, however, that  
his lordship has only to continue the

same system of deterioration he has  
so happily adopted of late, to render

him and his poems, ultimately, a sub-  
ject of very little interest. Those

who have read Lord Byron's works are  
no doubt aware that there is scarcely an

individual that he now praises who was  
not formerly an object of his abuse;

this has been the case with his relation  
the Earl of Carlisle, Lord and Lady Hol-

land, the poet Moore, and Mr. Jeffrey,  
the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,'

whom he gibbeted in the 'English Bards  
and Scots Reviewers,' for one of those

coarse attacks on him so peculiar to the  
Scotch Aristarchus; to all these, except

the last, he had made the *amende hono-  
rable*, and though Jeffrey was the offend-

er, yet the way in which Lord Byron  
speaks of him, does honour to the feel-

ings of the noble bard, and we quote  
his apostrophe to Jeffrey in conclusion,

as the most amiable piece in 'Don Juan':  
Old enemies, who have become new friends

Should so continue—'tis a point of honour;  
And I know nothing which could make amends

For a return to hatred: I would shun her.  
Like garlick, howsoever she extends

Her hundred arms and legs, and fain outrun  
her.

Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest  
foes—

Converted foes should scorn to join with those.  
'This were the worst desertion.—renegadoes,

Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,  
Would scarcely join again the "reformadoes,"

Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's sty:  
And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,

Whether in Caledon or Italy,  
Should not not vere round with every breath, nor

seize  
To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

'The lawyer and the critic but behold  
The baser sides of literature and life,  
And nought remains unseen, but much untold  
By those who scour those double vales of  
strife.

While common men grow ignorantly old,  
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,  
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,  
And with it all the process of digestion.

'A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,  
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty;  
The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper  
Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he  
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,  
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,  
In all their habits;—not so *you*, I own;  
As *Cæsar* wore his robe you wear your gown.

'And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,  
Dear Jeffery, once my most redoubted foe,  
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine  
To make such puppets of us things below)  
Are over: here's a health to "Auld Lang  
Syne!"

I do not know you, and may never know  
Your face—but you have acted on the whole  
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

'And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang  
Syne!"

'Tis not addressed to you—the more's the  
pity  
For me, for I would rather take my wine  
With you, than aught, (save Scott) in your  
proud city.

But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's  
whine,

And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,  
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred  
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—

'As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one  
and all,

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills,  
and clear streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brigs *black wall*\*,  
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams

Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own  
pall,

Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me  
seems

My childhood in this childishness of mine:  
I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

'And though, as you remember, in a fit  
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and  
curly,

I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,  
Which must be owned was sensitive and  
surly,

Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,  
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and  
early:

I "*scotched* not killed" the Scotchman in my  
blood,

And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

\* The brig of Don near the "auld toun" of  
Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep  
salmon stream below, is in my memory as yes-  
terday. I still remember, though perhaps I  
may misquote the awful proverb which made  
me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with  
a childish delight, being an only son, at least  
by the mother's side. The saying, as recol-  
lected by me, was this, but I have never heard  
or seen it since I was nine years of age:

"Brig of Balgounie, *black's* your *wa*,  
Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*,  
Doun ye shall fa!"

### Original.

#### LISBON IN THE SPRING OF 1823.

PERSONS in general, very erroneously,  
suppose that the characters of the two  
nations inhabiting the western peninsula  
of Europe are essentially the same,  
whereas there exists a decided difference  
between them; and in early times their  
political constitutions as little resem-  
bled each other as their character. In  
Spain the female sex enjoy unrestricted  
freedom; in Portugal they are sub-  
jected to great restraint. The Spaniards  
are particularly hospitable; the Portu-  
guese exhibit a jealous reserve towards  
strangers. In Spain smoking is an uni-  
versal custom; while the Portuguese  
reject it as a filthy practice, and only  
strangers are seen to smoke in their cof-  
fee-houses. The Portuguese, on the  
contrary, are universally addicted to  
snuff-taking, a habit in which the Spa-  
niard rarely indulges. The Spaniard is  
attached to foreigners; but in Lisbon it  
is very difficult for a stranger to be ad-  
mitted into respectable society. Not-  
withstanding, too, the close resemblance  
between the two languages, the names  
of all public tribunals, political offices,  
and of almost every article of daily life,  
are entirely different. Even in their  
cookery there is a marked difference be-  
tween the two nations; and an English-  
man or German would assign the pre-  
ference, in this respect, to the Portu-  
guese. Other examples might, if nec-  
essary, be adduced to prove the strik-  
ing contrariety of customs and habits  
between the two countries, although  
they are, in this respect, usually con-  
founded together.

Society, in the best meaning of the  
word, can hardly be said to exist in Por-  
tugal, where it is the custom for the two  
sexes to keep as much asunder as pos-  
sible, the ladies assembling together in  
one apartment, while the gentlemen oc-  
cupy another; and where a formal eti-  
quette acts as a perpetual restraint upon  
all intellectual converse, and thus pre-  
cludes any desire for a more liberal edu-  
cation. What are termed the foreigners'  
balls, which are supported by subscribers,  
who are mostly English, French, or Ger-  
mans, afford the most agreeable society  
to be met with in this city. The apart-  
ments are excellent, and furnished with  
much taste. There is, besides, no in-  
vidious distinction of rank; while there  
prevails an easy, polished tone, and an  
urbanity of manners that render this a  
most delightful place of rendezvous.

The Portuguese language being here

universally spoken, in every circle, its  
acquisition, which is by no means easy,  
on account of its peculiar nasal sounds,  
becomes indispensable to a foreigner,  
and the want of a due knowledge of  
it may induce him to judge even  
more unfavourably of Portuguese society  
than it in fact deserves. Once acquired,  
however, the language is found to be  
peculiarly rich, and admirably adapted  
to the lighter graces of conversation.  
Another circumstance which tends to  
alienate the affections of the stranger,  
and which probably has arisen from the  
cautious reserve of the Portuguese, is,  
that the foreigners residing in this city  
form, as it were, a little republic of  
themselves, attached to their own ha-  
bits, and caring little to adopt any of  
the national customs. They distinguish  
themselves by their hospitality, and re-  
ject that studied etiquette which the  
Portuguese so anxiously keep up. Their  
language, too, is a mixture of half a do-  
zen different tongues. All this tends to  
draw a line of demarcation between the  
foreigner and the native, to keep them  
apart, and to render the access to good  
society among the Portuguese very dif-  
ficult for a stranger.

If among the upper classes social in-  
tercourse does not appear to be conduct-  
ed upon the best footing, the lower or-  
ders of the people are not better pro-  
vided for, with respect to amusements, if  
we except the bull-fights. These have  
lately been attempted to be suppressed:  
a motion to this effect was made in the  
Cortes, but this national amusement  
found too many advocates; and the peo-  
ple are still permitted to retain this their  
favourite, and, indeed, sole diversion.  
The late Fernandez Thomaz spoke  
warmly in their defence, and began his  
speech by observing that he had grown  
up in the midst of bulls. It must be  
confessed that this sport is not so san-  
guinary and cruel as it is in Spain, the  
horns of the animals being tipped with  
round knobs, which render a blow less  
dangerous. These fights are continued  
during the whole summer, and the pro-  
fits arising from them go to defray the  
expenses of different hospitals; thus  
the sin of them is in some respect co-  
vered by charity.

An English populace runs mad every  
six or seven years at a general election,  
or on some occasion of general political  
interest; here the multitude annually  
get on a hobby of nearly the same breed,  
although of a dissimilar appellation, it  
being called the *Carnival*. The strong  
excitation, the pleasure of being mad,  
the enthusiasm, the phrensy, the men-

tal inebriety, seem not much unlike in either instance. We should say that this lust after a powerful mental and animal stimulus was natural to man, under every modification of education, of circumstances, or of political constitution. Whether it vents itself in war, or politics, or gaming, in saturnalia, elections, or carnivals, it is still the same; and happy is it for the peace of society when it contents itself with assuming a shape so antic and undignified as the *tom-foolery* of the last-mentioned. During the three last days of the carnival, the populace appear absolutely frantic with folly. It is dangerous to venture into the streets, for no one can pass with impunity through the showers of eggs, oranges, and other missiles, that assail the passenger on every side. Rank seems to lay aside its dignity; female delicacy its reserve: for the balconies are filled with ladies, who eagerly sprinkle the passers-by with copious aspersions of water. This exquisite foolery is succeeded by a farce of a graver description. It is now the season of periodical devotion; and even they who have lived all the year entirely regardless of moral duties and restraints, exhibit all the external forms of repentance. It is by no means rare to see penitents of this description going barefooted, or kneeling in the streets; and during processions (of which there is now no end) they throw themselves frantically in the dirt; and by such acts of unseemliness and violation of decorum do these wretched bigots think to atone for their violation of morality.

After Easter, every one who can afford it, retires into the country, mostly in the immediate vicinity of the city, where there are a great number of villas. The most pleasant season is that which precedes June, for after that time the drought and the dust, which covers the fields, give to the landscape an arid and dismal appearance, very remote from the verdure which clothes our English lawns. Cintra, which is not more than a dozen miles from the capital, is a very favourite spot. It abounds in romantic scenery, and it is here that the country-houses of the most wealthy individuals are situated. It is the custom to make excursions thither on asses, the roads being all around Lisbon so rugged and bad, that it is unsafe to travel in any kind of vehicle.

These rural parties of pleasure are conducted in so expensive a style, that the middling class of citizens cannot indulge in them, and having no amusements within the city, they live a very

retired and uniform life. Occasions, however, sometimes occur, on which the most frugal break through their usual habits of economy. About two years ago, the image of some saint was discovered in a cavern, not far from Lisbon, and it was instantly reported through the whole city, that it had the power of working miracles, as efficaciously as any miracle-working had ever been known to do before, or even as his Highness of Hohenlohe. The image shed tears and exuded sweat; doubtless to the great edification of the multitude. But as neither crying nor sweating, entertaining as it might be, was found to be of any particular benefit, it began to work miracles more to some purpose, and cured both the blind and the lame. All Lisbon flocked to it in crowds: every soul must forthwith to witness the prodigy; and there was no family, however poor, that did not make a pilgrimage to *Nossa Senhora do Buraco*. Greater eagerness could not have been manifested by the good people of Lisbon, had they all been setting out direct to Heaven. There was no end of journeying and pilgrimages and presents, which latter, in a short time, amounted to an immense sum. It would be an uncharitable and most heretical supposition to imagine that any of these devotees were influenced by any other motive than piety; or to hint that they were instigated by any of that feeling which, in our less devout country, drives people in crowds to races, reviews, or any of those meetings so agreeable to the gregarious nature of man. Events, however, now and then took place, not very indicative of devotion; so, in order to prevent further scandal, the government ordered *Nossa Senhora* to remove her quarters, and she was accordingly conducted in a solemn procession to the Cathedral of Lisbon, where she remains to this very hour an object of devout admiration to the multitude who daily visit her.

To pass from these religious amusements to others of a more—or, if our readers please, of a less profane nature, it cannot help striking us that the Portuguese have nothing which can be considered as a national theatre; for, with the exception of wretched scurrilous farces, nearly all their pieces are translations. Such being the state of their drama, it is not to be wondered at if the performers are not very excellent, or held in much esteem. These people are mostly tradesmen: the hero of the evening is probably some shoemaker, or other mechanic; it is easy, there-

fore, to form some notion of the dignity with which the tragic buskin is worn: as for the ladies, a glance at their faces is sufficient to convince the beholder that they are votaries of other deities besides Melpomene and Thalia. The degraded state of the Portuguese theatre is the more to be regretted, as the people are naturally lively, and are endowed with no ordinary talent for mimicry and imitation: but, in a country where the expression of public opinion is studiously repressed, whatever shape it may assume, we ought not to be greatly surprised at finding that the drama also experiences the injurious effects of this intolerant system. The theatre of San Carlos, where the Italian company performs, is that which is most fashionably attended.

#### THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE SEASONS.

[The following *jeu d'esprit* should have been sent us last week. A writer who hangs his wit on so variable a subject as the weather, ought at least to possess the gift of prophecy, if he would not have his humour appear stale. We pity the author whose pleasantry may be dissipated by a puff of wind, or parched up by a gleam of sunshine. We shrewdly suspect that Mr. Quaintwit looks very gloomy, this pleasant sunshiny day—and is as triste and lachrymose as was the weather on which he was pleased to be so merry. With this apology for its insertion, we proceed to exhibit to our readers this specimen of his facetiousness.—ED.]

Letter from Mr. Abel Quaintwit to his Cousin Thomas.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You complain, very unreasonably, methinks, that my letters have of late been unusually dry. At any other time I should not be exceedingly pleased at such a remark; but, considering the state of the weather, I take it as a compliment rather than a reproof. While the heavens continue to weep thus every day, 'like Niobe, all tears,' it is some merit to exhibit *dryness* in any shape. Such, indeed, is the species of *hydrophobia* under which I have laboured for this week past, that I feel it quite refreshing to look on some dusty old tomes which have lain for years, quite unheeded, on an upper shelf of my book-case. So great is my *thirst* after *aridity*—excuse the Hibernianism—that I have absolutely forbidden my servant to dust my apartment, until this lachrymose mood of Dame Nature shall have ceased. I have banished several of my favourite writers, Lucian, Swift, Quevedo, Sterne, &c. for I cannot abide even the name of *humour*, it being associated with ideas of *humidity* and moisture. Indeed, I greatly fancy

that I should even interdict myself my accustomed glass of port, did I not rather Jesuitically adjust the matter with my imagination, by considering that it is *not water*. I have even laid aside a diamond ring, which I used to display with so much complacency; not being able to endure its brilliant *water*. Yesterday I was absolutely terrified at being invited by a friend to the *Water-colour* exhibition; nor have I yet recovered from a shock I received, by accidentally opening Fouqué's Tale of *Undine*; although I have felt much relief from looking upon a print executed in *dry-point*. I can now even feel how terrifically the name of *Waterloo* must have sounded in the ears of the ex-emperor.

As for news, after which you crave so much, I have much—but it is all of one complexion. *Imprimis*—and that is as *dry* a prologue to a paragraph as I can find—there are four personages of some rank, who have much annoyed his Majesty's liege subjects, during these few weeks past, and put the town into a consternation by their pranks, namely, *General Deluge*, Colonel Torrents, Mr. Flood, and Mr. Waters. Among other notable pieces of waggery and practical *humour* which they have played off, they have drowned several people at Vauxhall, and, by way of hoax, turned the fire-works into water-works. They amuse themselves, too, by giving *drenches* to all whom they meet in the streets, and by *ducking* every foot-passenger.

Secondly, *Aquatic* excursions are become very common, not as formerly on the Thames, but in all the streets of the metropolis. This whim is now become so prevalent, that now-a-days every one travels *by water*. In consequence of this, the expression, to take an airing, is become antiquated, and the more appropriate phrase of *taking a watering* in the park, or elsewhere, has been adopted in its stead.

It is reported, that the laureate, with real *judgment*—not with his *Vision* of it,—has composed an Ode to November, hailing, with ardent longing, the approach of that comparatively genial, dry and sunny month.

The booksellers look unusually cheerful and smiling during this wet and weeping season, at the sudden demand for a great number of works, of which they have hitherto found it difficult to dispose of a copy, in consequence of their *dryness*.

Should this weather continue a few days longer, two frigates will be launched from the top of Ludgate Hill, and will present a spectacle, rivalling in

beauty and execution, Mr. Graham's ascent in his balloon.

The rate of insurance at all the fire-offices has been considerably lowered within the last week. Many persons do not intend, for the future, to insure at all during the *summer*, but only for the winter months.

Silks and muslin have almost entirely disappeared, the most fashionable article for ladies' dresses is *waterproof* cloth. An elegant *full* dress, made of this material, may be seen in Ackermann's Repository. It is very becoming, that is, very *decorous*; and will probably secure the wearers from many injurious *asper-sions*. Although some malicious persons, no doubt with a view to injure the manufacturers of this article, assert, that it proves of no service against the effects of *eau de vie*.

Cupid was found yesterday morning, between the hours of three and four, nearly drowned, in Fleet Street—his flames quite put out—his torch absolutely extinguished—not a *spark* remaining. A report, too, prevailed for some time, that Hymen had experienced a similar fate: and, doubtless, that would have been the case, had he not fortunately taken shelter under the gowns of law and divinity.

A new guide to all the *watering-places* has been published, including the metropolis and every city, town, and village in the kingdom.

A new opera, entitled *Il Diluvio*, is getting up with extraordinary splendour: there is to be a profusion of *real water*; but it is thought by some that it will have but little attraction, as people have been deluged enough with that already. The public, in general, seem to look forward with much greater eagerness to the opening of Covent Garden, that they may again catch a glimpse of the *Vision of the Sun*, for, that luminary not having been visible this summer, even a vision of him on gilt canvas will be delightful.

Several of his Majesty's very loyal subjects have been taken up for uttering such seditious expressions as 'I hope the present *rain* may not last much longer'—'This *rain* is a very shocking one,' but have soon been set at liberty, as the magistrates themselves, before whom they were carried, were generally of the same opinion.

You have now, my dear Tom, got my whole budget of intelligence for the present. I hope that, in return, you will inform me how you go on in the country, whether your sheep have not learned to swim well, whether your pheasants

do not make very handsome water-fowl, and whether my old friend, the buxom land-lady, at the Horns, has not put off her terrene nature, and become in good earnest a *water-lady*, and your *Dryads* be not metamorphosed into Naiads.

Your's, &c. ABEL QUAINWIT.

22nd August—before the alteration of the style, now—*Pluviose*.

P. S. Umbrellas and *dry-nurses* bear a considerable premium.—The Humane Society have been constantly employed, day and night, in restoring *drowned* persons,—several hundred have recovered, but it is feared more have perished.

### Original Poetry.

#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE sounding chords that letter'd names employ,  
Would swell a requiem to the 'Farmer's Boy';  
To Bloomfield's name would consecrate the tear,  
And with 'Wild Flowers' adorn his humble bier.  
Unread in classic lore, untaught by rule,  
His muse imbib'd the truths of nature's school;  
'Mid rural scenes view'd changing seasons glide,  
And genius pencil'd what their stores supplied:  
Nor these alone employ'd his active mind,  
But every genuine feeling of mankind.  
Untaught by modern art to lash the age,  
With glaring blasphemies in every page,  
He painted passions as they met his view;  
The sketch was rude, but every touch was true.  
His 'Rural Tales,' that scorn the aid of art,  
Engage the feelings while they mend the heart;  
Whether with blushing cheek the 'Miller's Maid'  
Listens to love beneath the hawthorn's shade;  
Whether with bosom void of pain and care,  
We follow 'Kate and Richard' to the fair;  
Or at the rural stile our path be crost  
By the light footstep of the 'Fakenham Ghost';  
Or, as the deepening shades of ev'ning fall,  
And serious thoughts of lapsing time recall,  
The faithful 'Glass' his silent race record  
By shifting sands upon the oaken board.  
Such were his simple themes, his humble store,  
But this was nature, and he asked no more.  
With him we feel each warm impression glow,  
Smile with his joy and soften with his woe;  
Or on the festive morn of blooming May,  
With the chaste nine by sacred fountains stray.  
To him, ye great, no sculptur'd trophy raise,  
No classic epitaph should sound his praise;  
'Mid rural relics let his dust repose,  
Such were the subjects that his genius chose;  
Let then his grave this true memorial bear,—  
Bloomfield, the child of nature, slumbers here.  
E. G. B.

#### TO RACHEL.

My Rachel, when I mark thine eye,  
And see how pain is feeding there;  
I almost wish thy life gone by,  
And thou—forgive me Heaven!—a spirit fair.

I almost wish, cost what it may,  
To this fond, fever'd, doating heart ;  
That, aye, e'en life, were fled away,—  
So that thou could'st from misery part.  
For it hath fed on that sweet brow,  
Hath wreck'd thy wits,—hath sapp'd thy  
peace ;  
Till scarce one trace is lingering now,  
Of all thy peerless 'toil of grace.'  
Sweet woman 's like the way-side flower  
That lifts its pretty modest head ;  
Regardless that 'tis in the power  
Of every loiterer on its breast to tread.  
'Tis snatch'd—'tis worn, while yet its beauty's  
high,  
But when it fades—'tis cast upon the ground ;  
The hand that pluck'd it throws it rudely by,  
And crush'd, dead, wither'd, on the earth 'tis  
found. E.

## STANZAS.

Oh! think not I'll love you, though bright is  
your eye,  
Though rose-tints are spread o'er those cheeks  
in sweet bloom,  
Though grace seems to wait on your movements  
still high,  
And your brow never owns a sad moment of  
gloom.  
Yet think not I'll love you ; oh! fair one, 'tis  
vain,  
Whilst Emmeline's form fills the eye of my  
mind ;  
For Emmeline sooth'd me when sad and in  
pain,  
And a fairer than her I can ne'er wish to find.  
Her blue eye is bright, lovely maiden, as thine,  
—And her rose-tinted cheek is as soft and as  
fair ;  
Grace guides her light step, and grace swells  
ev'ry line  
Of the song that she warbles to soothe dull-  
eyed care.  
Then think not I'll love you! it never can be :  
I respect, I esteem as a friend, all thy  
charms ;  
But betroth'd to my Emmeline, fair one, 'tis  
she  
That must fill all my bosom, and lull its  
alarms! J. M. L.

## ADIEU TO SEATON VALE.

GREEN grow thy groves! sweet Seaton Vale,  
And fair thy fragrant flowers ;  
To bless wi' balm the gentle gale  
That seeks thy simmer bowers.  
Where sweet the simple gowan blows,  
The broom and briar blossom ;  
And crystal clear the river flows,  
That murmurs thro' thy bosom.  
Fond favourite haunt of younger years,  
Of happy hours o' leisure ;  
When hope was high and few the fears  
To mar my peace and pleasure ;  
When far awa', I'll think on thee,  
As on the past I ponder,  
Perhaps I fairer vales may see,  
But never shall a fonder.  
I've been in Bushy's stately groves  
And Richmond's terraced bower ;  
Where rich the simmer zephyr roves,  
That robs the rose's flower.  
Tho' gardens gay surround yon ha'\*,  
The proudly pompous palace ;  
Still thou art dearer far than a'  
Fair England's fertile vallies.

\* Hampton Court.

Aft to your bonnie bloomin' braes  
Wi' schoolmates I've resorted ;  
There monie merry simmer days  
In pleasant pastime sported.  
O! thae were days o' happy hope,  
The days o' purest pleasure ;  
Wi' which nae after days can cope,  
Nae, worth o' worldly treasure.  
Then fare ye weel, sweet Seaton Vale,  
Again I'll see thee never ;  
The bark bounds o'er the saut sea swell,  
That bears me hence for ever.  
But by this e'e now warmly wet,  
And by this heart high heaving ;  
Tho' I forgo—I'll ne'er forget  
Thee—and the land I'm leaving.  
JACK JUNIPER.  
Hampton Court, Aug. 2nd, 1823.

## The Drama

## AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The *Polly Packet* and *La Diligence* have been the only monopolies, with which Mr. Mathews has gratified the laughter-loving tribe, since his return from America ; but he has appeared in the regular drama, not as Othello or Richard III. though he has enacted these characters elsewhere, but in his more legitimate sphere—farce. Of his Monsieur Morbleu, we have already spoken, and have only to add, that it has become richer and more mellowed in the repetition.

On Monday, Mr. Mathews appeared as Buskin, in the farce of *Killing no Murder*, which has been cut down to one act, and stripped of one of its greatest attractions formerly, that of Apollo Belvi, in which Liston was inimitable. The altered farce is called *A Day at an Inn*. Buskin is one of Mr. Mathews's old and favourite characters ; and there is no person on the stage can play it like him, since it requires that peculiar talent of transforming the same voice, person, and features, into half a-dozen different characters,—and in this Mathews is without a rival. His scene with the landlord, in which he evaded the payment of the bill, and that in which he personated all the domestic servants in succession, were *chef-d'œuvres*.

On Wednesday, another musical farce was brought out here, entitled *Too Curious by Half*, abridged from Mrs. Centlivre's *Marplot*, or the second part of the *Busy Body*, a comedy, first acted at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1712. Second parts have seldom been successful. Gay's *Polly* was never tolerated on the stage, while the *Beggar's Opera*, to which it was a second part, was played upwards of sixty nights the first season, and is still one of the most popular plays on the stage. The *Busy Body* has al-

ways been a favourite, but *Marplot* never, neither in its original state, nor with the alterations of Woodward, who gave it the title of *Marplot* in Lisbon, nor when cut down to a three-act farce. At this theatre, it has undergone another pruning, but the plot, character, and incidents of the piece so closely resemble the *Busy Body*, except that they are not so interesting, that few persons will like them thus at second hand. The rapid succession of incidents, and the spirited manner in which the actors bustled through the piece, rendered it satisfactory to the audience, and *Too Curious by Half* was not unsuccessful.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A very lively farce, which was stated in a Sunday newspaper to have been damned three days before it was represented, was produced at this house, on Tuesday, called *Fish out of Water*, and the title, which is not always the case, is appropriate. The plot is simple but good, the incidents rather striking than natural, the humour chaste, and the dialogue spirited. A baronet is appointed ambassador to Copenhagen, and wants a cook and a secretary ; he has a daughter in love with the son of a city alderman ; and the would-be pair concert that the lover shall apply for the secretaryship. In the mean time, Savoury, a discarded cook of the alderman, applies for the cook's place, but the steward of the baronet, who has become a party to the plan of the lovers, and is employed to select the proper persons, unconsciously engages Savoury as secretary, while the lover finding the cook's place the only vacancy, accepts it. The first trial of their skill embarrasses both, but they exchange duties and all is well. Savoury is, however, called upon to write a letter dictated by the ambassador, and now the secret is out. Sam Savoury's orthographical abilities do not extend beyond monosyllables ; an explanation takes place, the lovers are made happy, and all is well. Liston's Savoury was indeed a rich treat, and the farce was completely successful.

Among the alterations at Covent Garden Theatre, during the recess, we hear that the idea adopted by Mr. Beazly, at Drury Lane, has been transplanted :—namely, the alternate rows in the pit are to be fitted with backs : in the dress circle also the same plan is applied to the respective seats, which are to remain, in other respects, as usual ; while means are taken to avoid the vacuum in the back ground of the centre boxes, by contracting their depth by two rows of seats.

At Drury Lane Mrs. Bunn (late Miss Somerville) is engaged, and will appear early in the ensuing season, in the character of Queen Elizabeth, in the play of *Kenilworth*, which we understand is to be produced in a very splendid manner.

### Literature and Science.

*The Morning Chronicle*.—One of the oldest, and also one of the most respectable of the morning newspapers, has lately changed proprietors, and been sold at a price which adds one more to the many proofs that exist, that this is really the golden age of literature. The purchaser of *The Morning Chronicle* has given forty thousand pounds for the copyright alone, exclusive of the printing materials, &c. A sum so unprecedented in the history of copyrights has naturally excited considerable interest respecting a journal which has always held a high rank, and been respected even by those who were inimical to its politics, which have been invariably those of whiggism. Abroad, *The Morning Chronicle* is also well known, and is occasionally honoured with a prohibition by those governments which 'love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.' In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, there is a long article on 'The Periodical Press,' from which we quote the following character of *The Morning Chronicle*:

'This paper we have been long used to think the best, both for amusement and instruction, that issued from the daily press. It is full, but not crowded; and we have breathing-spaces and openings left to pause upon each subject. We have plenty and variety. The reader of a morning paper ought not to be crammed to satiety. He ought to rise from the perusal light and refreshed. Attention is paid to every topic, but none is overdone. There is a liberality and decorum. Every class of readers is accommodated with its favourite articles, served up with taste, and without sparing for the sharpest sauces.\* A copy of verses is supplied by one of the popular poets of the day; a prose essay appears in another page, which had it been written two hundred years ago, might still have been read with admiration; a correction of a disputed reading in a classical author, is contributed by a learned correspondent. The politician may look profound over a grave disser-

\* 'Many of these articles (particularly the theatrical criticisms) are unavoidably written over night, just as the paper is going to the press, without correction or previous preparation. Yet they will often stand a comparison with more laboured compositions. It is curious, that what is done at so short a notice should bear so few marks of haste. In fact there is a kind of extempore writing, as well as extempore speaking. Both are the effect of necessity and habit. If a man has but words and ideas in his head, he can express himself in a longer or a shorter time (with a little practice), just as he has a motive for doing it. Where there is the necessary stimulus for making the effort, what is given from a first impression, what is struck off at a blow, is in many respects better than what is produced on reflection, and at several heats.'

tation on a point of constitutional history; a lady may smile at a rebus or a charade. Here Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, maintained their nightly combats over again; here Porson criticized, and Jekyll punned. An appearance of conscious dignity is kept up, even in the advertisements, where a principle of proportion and separate grouping is observed; the announcement of a new work is kept distinct from the hiring of a servant of all-work, or the sailing of a steam-yacht.

'The late Mr. Perry, who raised *The Morning Chronicle* into its present consequence, held the office of editor for nearly forty years; and he held firm to his party and principles all that time,—a long term for political honesty and consistency to last! He was a man of strong natural sense, some acquired knowledge, a quick tact; prudent, plausible, and with great heartiness and warmth of feeling. This last quality was perhaps of more use to him than any other, in the sphere in which he moved. His cordial voice and sanguine mode of address made friends, whom his sincerity and gratitude insured. An overflow of animal spirits, sooner than any thing else, floats a man into the tide of success. Nothing cuts off sympathy so much as the obvious suppression of the kindly impulses of our nature. He who takes another slightly by the hand will not stick to him long, nor in difficulties. Others perceive this, and anticipate the defection, or the hostile blow. Among the ways and means of success in life, if good sense is the first, good nature is the second. If we wish others to be attached to us, we must not seem averse, or indifferent to them. Perry was more vain than proud. This made him fond of the society of lords, and them of his. His shining countenance reflected the honour done him, and the alacrity of his address prevented any sense of awkwardness or inequality of pretensions. He was a little of a coxcomb, and we do not think he was a bit the worse for it. A man who does not think well of himself, generally thinks ill of others; nor do they fail to return the compliment. Towards the last, he, to be sure, received visitors in his library at home, something in the style of the Marquis Marialva, in *Gil Blas*. He affected the scholar. On occasion of the death of Porson, he observed, that "*Epithalamia* was thrown into the coffin;" of which there was an awkward correction next day,—"*For Epithalamia* read *Epicedia*!" The worst of it was, that a certain consciousness of merit, with a little over-weening pretension, sometimes interfered with the conduct of the paper. Mr. Perry was not like a contemporary editor, who never writes a sentence himself, and assigns, as a reason for it, that "he has too many interests to manage as it is, without the addition of his own literary vanity." The editor of the *Morning Chronicle* wrote up his own paper; and he had an ambition to have it thought that every good thing in it, unless it came from a lord, or an acknowledged wit, was his own. If he had paid for the article itself, he thought he paid for the credit of it also. This sometimes brought him into awkward situations. He wished to be head and chief of his own paper, and would not have any thing behind the editor's desk, greater than the desk itself. He was frequently remiss himself, and was not sanguine that others should make up the deficiency. He possessed a most tenacious memory, and often, in the hottest periods of parliamentary warfare, carried off half a debate on his own shoulders. The very first time he was intrusted with the task of reporting speeches in the House of Com-

mons, a singular lapse of memory occurred to him. Soon after he had taken his seat in the gallery, some accident put him out, and he remained the whole night stupified and disconcerted. When the house broke up, he returned to the office of the paper for which he was engaged, in despair, and professing total inability to give a single word of it. But he was prevailed upon to sit down at the writing-desk. The sluices of memory, which were not empty, but choked up, began to open, and they poured on, till he had nearly filled the paper with a *verbatim* account of the speech of a Lord Nugent, when his employer, finding his mistake, told him this would never do, but he must begin over again, and merely give a general and *historical* account of what had passed. Perry snapped his fingers at this release from his terrors; and it has been observed, that the *historical* mode of giving a debate was his delight ever afterwards.—From the time of Woodfall, the *Morning Chronicle* was distinguished by its superior excellence in reporting the proceedings of Parliament. Woodfall himself often filled the whole paper without any assistance. This, besides the arduousness of the undertaking, necessarily occasioned delay. At present, several reporters take the different speeches in succession—(each remaining an hour at a time)—go immediately, and transcribe their notes for the press; and, by this means, all the early part of a debate is actually printed before the last speaker has risen upon his legs. The public read next day at breakfast time (perhaps), what would make a hundred octavo pages, every word of which has been spoken, written out, and printed within the last twelve or fourteen hours!"

The literary veteran, Mr. Roscoe, is rapidly advancing with his variorum edition of the works of Pope.

*Waterspout*.—Saturday the 23d inst. the town and neighbourhood of Padiham were thrown into consternation by the appearance of a very large waterspout. When first seen, it seemed to have risen from clouds which were gathering thick round Hamilton: soon after it assumed a more terrific appearance, and veered to the north-west. In this quarter it displayed every symptom of immediate explosion, but suddenly made a rapid circuit to the west. In its passage, the noise which it created represented the distant roar of the sea on a rocky shore; but as it continued to ascend, the tone was altered, and resembled more the compressed discharge of steam from a boiler. The revolutions which it made in its transit were awfully grand; and its attractive faculties of re-uniting the volumes of mist which issued from its side were beyond description beautiful. After repeated ascents and descents, it varied its form with astonishing rapidity; at one period its longitudinal extent must have been very considerable, and in the next moment, the point, which left no more than eighty yards from itself to the earth, was embosomed in the mass. It continued these transmutations for an hour, and then was buried in the clouds. Immediately on its disappearance, the atmosphere became densely dark, and the most vivid lightning and tremendous thunder that has been heard in the neighbourhood for many years ensued.—*Blackburn Mail*.

**Robert Bloomfield.**—The rural poet Bloomfield is numbered with the dead, and has quitted a world which gave him nothing but barren honours. The life of this poet of nature is as extensively known as his works, since a Memoir of him was prefixed to his principal poem—'The Farmer's Boy'; we shall, however, glean fresh materials and give his biography in our next number.

**Tam O'Shanter.**—After recording the death of a poet, we may be permitted to add that of a poet's hero—no other than Thomas Reid, the renowned Tam O'Shanter of Burns, who died at Lochwinnoch on the 7th instant. He was a labourer and was born on the 21st of October, 1745, in the clachan of Kyle, Ayrshire. The importance attached to this circumstance arises from his being the celebrated equestrian hero of Burns' poem—Tam O'Shanter. He has at length surmounted the 'mosses, rivers, slaps, and stiles' of life. For a considerable time past he has been in the service of Major Hervey, of Castle Semple, nine months of which he has been incapable of labour; and to the honour of Mr. Hervey be it named, he has, with a fostering and laudable generosity, soothed, as far as it was in his power, the many ills of age and disease. He, however, still retained the desire of being 'fu' for weeks together.'

**Sportsmen's new Buttons.**—Mr. Avern has completed a set of dies to embellish the buttons of the sporting world: his subjects are copied from a set engraved by Mr. Scott for Mr. T. Gosden. The figures are sixteen in number,—twelve large and four small, and consist of the hare, grouse, partridge, stag, greyhound, hound, setter, &c.; they are clever performances, and several impressions from them, in silver, have just made their appearance.

The new edition of Shirley's works, notwithstanding the severe indisposition of the editor, Mr. Gifford, is in a state of great forwardness. We believe all the plays are printed, and a portion of the poems.—A new edition of Ford's plays are in preparation for the press by the same editor.

The continuation of Mr. Booth's 'Analytical Dictionary of the English Language' is now in the press, and the several parts will be published, successively, at short intervals. The printing of the second part has been delayed for the purpose of calculating, with some degree of probability, the number of copies that would be required.

**Margat's Ascent at Paris.**—This aeronaut took his departure from the Champ de Mars on Sunday the 17th inst. at a quarter before nine in the evening. The air was calm, and the coloured lamps (which formed a crown) below the balloon, permitted the spectators to follow it with their eyes for a long time. Arrived in the upper regions, M. Margat experienced an intense cold, the gas in dilating left a humidity which soon converted into ice, and which gave the aeronaut much trouble in managing the valve. He succeeded, however, in overcoming this obstacle, and proceeded without accident through a very thick fog to the Forest of Villers-Coterets, in the commune of Fleury, 25

leagues from Paris. At midnight he effected his descent, and found himself perched upon a tree, which served as a base for his wandering edifice. There M. Margat passed the night, notwithstanding the rain, which fell in abundance. The astonishment may be conceived of the Sieur Debary, keeper to the Duke of Orleans, when, at four in the morning, on going his round, he perceived at the top of a tree our aerial voyager and his immense baggage. M. Margat praises the conduct of this keeper, from whom he received every kind of aid; he was also very well received by the Mayor of Fleury, by the Curé, and by all the inhabitants of the village, who flocked to see him.

**Pigeon Flying.**—Several persons residing at Leige have lately been engaged in the establishment of pigeon stations. A few days since twenty-two pigeons returned from Paris to Liege, having travelled about 18 leagues an hour. Another experiment has been made between Frankfort and Liege. A third was made at Coblenz. The object was to send off for Liege a great number of pigeons. Two of them arrived at Liege in two hours and a half. The distance is only thirty leagues, about twelve leagues an hour.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'PRESENTIMENT,' by W. B. L. in our next. His suggestion shall be attended to.

The 'Shakespearian Drama' is perfectly suitable to the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, but we should feel much obliged to our correspondent, if he would favour us with one or two articles, in addition to the one sent, which meets our approbation, before we commence the series.

'A Friend to the Dumb' is informed, that we do not think our readers would thank us for an invective against angling.

The 'Stanzas to Anne' have been mislaid; but as addresses from lovers to their mistresses are the most numerous, though not the most acceptable poetical effusions that are sent to us, we cannot give much hopes of their insertion.

How can F. expect that *The Literary Chronicle* should notice the subject to which he alludes?

B.'s offer is readily accepted. We shall always be happy to hear from him; and shall, next week, insert his first contribution.

This day is published,

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**—No. LXXIX. For AUGUST, 1823.—Contents:—I. History of the Garden of Plants, Paris. —II. Pococurante.—III. On the Pluckless School of Politics, No. 1.—IV. The Rev. Mr. Irving's Orations. —V. Quin's Visit to Spain in 1822 and 1823.—VI. Las Cases' Journal of the Private Life and Conversation of Napoleon at St. Helena.—VII. Napoleon's Memoirs.—VIII. Letter from a Contributor in the Sulks.—IX. The Tory, No. 2.—X. A Scots Mummy. In a Letter from James Hogg.—XI. London Oddities and Outlines, No. 2.—The Rev. Mr. Irving.—XII. Parisian Sketches, No. 1.—XIII. New Ear Trumpet. In a Letter from Thomas Morison, M. D.—XIV. The Parson's Visitor, a Lyrical Ballad.—XV. The late Whig Attacks on the Lord Chancellor.—XVI. Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters, No. 8. On the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, and Things in General.—XVII. Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. 2. Mr. North's Lecture on "The Choice;" a Poem recently written by Leigh Hunt, a Convert, and Vice Poet Laureate to Blackwood's Magazine.

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